

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 22.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

(Continued.)

"Wagtail recovered; our refitting was completed; our wood, and water, and provisions replenished; and after spending one of the happiest fortnights of my life, in one continued round of gaiety, I prepared to leave—with tears in my eyes I will confess—the clear waters, bright blue skies, glorious climate, and warm-hearted community of Nassau, New Providence.—Well might that old villain Blackbeard have made this sweet spot his favourite rendezvous. By the way, this same John Teach or Blackbeard had fourteen wives in this lovely island; and I am not sure but I could have picked out something approximating to the aforesaid number myself, with time and opportunity, from among such a galaxy of loveliness as then shone and sparkled in this dear little town. Speaking of the pirate Blackbeard, I ought to have related, that the morning before this, when I was at breakfast at Mrs. C——, the amiable, and beautiful, and innocent girl-matron—ay, you supercilious son of a sea-cook, you may turn up your nose at the expression, but if you could have seen the burthen of my song as I saw her, and felt the elegancies of her manner and conversation as I felt them—but let us stick to Blackbeard, if you please. We were all comfortably seated at breakfast; I had finished my sixth egg, had concealed a beautiful dried snapper, before whom even a rizzard haddock sank into insignificance, and was bethinking me of finishing off with a slice of Scotch mutton-ham, when in slid Mr. Bang. He was received with all possible cordiality, and commenced operations very vigorously.

He was an amazing favourite of our hostess, (as where was he not a favourite?) so that it was some time before he even looked my way. We were in the midst of a discussion regarding the beauty of New Providence, and the West India Islands in general; and I was just remarking that nature had been liberal, that the scenery was unquestionably magnificent in the larger islands, and beautiful in the smaller; but there were none of those heartstirring reminiscences, none of those thrilling electrical associations which vibrate to the heart at visiting scenes in Europe famous in antiquity—famous as the spot in which recent victories had been achieved—famous even for the very freebooters, who once held lawful sway in the neighbourhood. Why, there never has flourished hereabouts, for instance, even one thoroughly melodramatic thief. Massa Aaron let me go on, until he had nearly finished his breakfast. At length he fired a shot at me.

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BLACKBEARD.

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John Teach, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leak into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and borrowed a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West Indians, and, sending a boat on board of each he asked them for the loan of provisions and wine, and all their gold, and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to shew his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to borrow more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions. He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow when it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in vogue with the last gentleman he had borrowed any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two naked stilettos, only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match fizzing in the bow of his cocked scraper, wherewith he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favourite amusements when he got half sloved, was to adjourn to the hold with his compa-

tors, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the Lime and Pearl, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight-gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honourable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out, mangle the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

'His face to the sky, and his feet to the foe'—leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, minus the three he had throttled.

'No chivalrous associations indeed! Match me such a character as this.

We all applauded to an echo. But I must end my song, for I should never tire in dwelling on the happy days we spent on this enchanting little island. The lovely blithe girls, and the hospitable kindhearted men, and the children! I never saw such cherubs, with all the sprightliness of the little pale-faced creoles of the West Indies, while the healthy bloom of Old England blossomed on their cheeks.

When on the eve of sailing, my excellent friends, Messrs. Bang, Gelid, and Wagtail, determined, in consequence of letters which they had received from Jamaica, to return home in a beautiful armed brig that was to sail in a few days, laden with flour. I cannot well describe how much this moved me. Young and enthusiastic as I was, I had grappled myself with hooks of steel to Mr. Bang; and now, when he unexpectedly communicated his intention of leaving me, I felt more forlorn and deserted than I was willing to plead to.

'My dear boy,' said he, 'make my peace with N——. If urgent business had not pressed me, I would not have broken my promise to rejoin him; but I am imperiously called for in Jamaica, where I hope soon to see you.' He continued with a slight tremor in his voice, which thrilled to my heart, as it vouched for the strength of his regard. 'If ever I am where you may come, Tom, and you don't make my house your home, provided you have not a better of your own, I will never forgive you.' He paused. 'You young fellows sometimes spend faster than you should do, and quarterly bills are long of coming round. I have drawn for more money than I want. I wish you would let me be your banker for a hundred pounds, Tom.'

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and sea stock, a most exuberant assortment unquestionably, belonging to my Jamaica friends, ashore: but to my surprise the boat was sent back, with Mr. Bang's card on which was written in pencil, 'Don't affront us, Captain Cringle.' Thereupon I got the schooner under weigh and no event worth narrating turned up until we anchored close to the post-office at Crooked Island, two days after.

We found the Firebrand there, and the post-office mail-boat, with herred flag and white horse in it, and I went on board the corvette to deliver my official letter, detailing the incidents of the cruise, and was most graciously received by my Captain.

There was a sail in sight when we anchored, which at first we took for the Jamaica packet; but it turned out to be the Tinker, friend Bang's flour-loaded brig; and by five in the evening our friends were all three restored to us, but alas! so far as regarded two of them, only for a moment. Messrs. Gelid and Wagtail had, on second thoughts, it seems, hauled their wind to lay in a stock of turtle at Crooked Island, and I went ashore with them, and assisted in the selection from the turtle crawls filled with beautiful clear water, and lots of fine fresh-caught fish, the postmaster being the turtle-merchant.

He must have had but a dull time of it, as there were no other white inhabitants, that I saw, on the island besides himself; his wife having gone to Nassau. In truth, Crooked Island was a most desolate domicile for a lady; our friend the postmaster's family, and a few negroes employed in catching turtle, and making salt, and dressing some scrubby cotton-trees, composing the whole population. In the evening the packet did arrive, however, and Captain N— received his orders.

'Captain N—, my boy,' quoth Bang towards evening, 'the best of friends must part—we must move—good night—we shall be off to-night—good-by'—and he held out his hand.

'Devil a bit,' said N—; 'Bang, you shall not go, neither you nor your friends. You promised, in fact shipped with me for the cruise, and Lady—has my word and honour that you shall be restored to her longing eye, sound and safe—so you must all remain, and send down the flour brig to say you are coming.'

To make a long story short, Massa Aaron was boned, but his friends were obdurate, so we all weighed that night; the Tinker bearing up for Jamaica, while we kept by the wind, steering for Gonnaves in St. Domingo.

NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE AT ST. DOMINGO.

The third day we were off Cape St. Nicholas, and getting a slant of wind from the westward, we ran up the Bight of Leogane all that night, but towards morning it fell calm; we were close in under the highland, about two miles from the shore, and the night was the darkest I ever was out in any where. There were neither moon nor stars to be seen, and the dark clouds settled down, until they appeared to rest upon our mast-heads, compressing, as it were, the hot steamy air down upon us until it became too dense for breathing. In the early part of the night it had rained in heavy showers now and then, and there were one or two faint flashes of lightning, and some heavy peals of thunder, which rolled amongst the distant hills in loud shaking reverberations, which gradually became fainter and fainter, until they grumbled away in the distance in hoarse murmurs, like the low notes of an organ in one of our old Cathedrals; but now there was neither rain nor wind—all nature seemed fearfully hushed; for where we lay, in the smooth Bight, there was no swell, not even a ripple on the glass-like sea; the sound of the shifting of a handspike, or the tread of the men, as they ran to haul on a rope, or the creaking of the rudder, sounded loud and distinct. The sea in our neighbourhood was strongly phosphorescent, so that the smallest chip thrown overboard struck fire

from the water, as if it had been a piece of iron cast on flint; and when you looked over the quarter, as I delight to do, and tried to penetrate into the dark clear profound beneath, you every now and then saw a burst of pale light, like a halo far down in the depths of the green sea, caused by the motion of some fish, or of what Jack, no great natural philosopher, usually calls *blubbers*; and when the dolphin or skip-jack leapt into the air, they sparkled out from the still bosom of the deep, dark water like rockets, until they fell again into their element in a flash of fire. This evening the corvette had shewed no lights, and although I conjectured she was not far from us, still I could not with any certainty indicate her whereabouts. It might now be about three o'clock, and I was standing on the aftermost gun on the starboard side, peering into the impervious darkness over the taffarel, with my old dog Sneezer by my side, nuzzling and fondling after his affectionate fashion, while the pilot, Peter Mangrove, stood within handspike length of me. The dog had been growling, but all in fun, and snapping at me, when in a moment he hauled off, planted his paws on the rail, looked forth into the night, and gave a short anxious bark, like the solitary pop of the sentry's musket, to alarm the main-guard in outpost work.

Peter Mangrove advanced, and put his arm round the dog's neck. 'What you see, my shield?' said the black pilot.

Sneezer uplifted his voice, and gave a long continuous bark.

'Ah!' said Mangrove sharply, 'Massa Captain, something near we—never doubt dat—de dog yeeie something we can't yeeie, and see something we can't see.'

I had lived long enough never to despise any caution from what quarter soever it proceeded. So I listened still as a stone. Presently I thought I heard the distant splash of oars. I placed my hand behind my ear, and listened with breathless attention. Presently I saw the sparkling dip of them in the calm black water, as if a boat, and a large one, was pulling very fast towards us. 'Look out—hail that boat,' said I. 'Boat ahoy,' sung out the man. No answer. 'Coming here?' reiterated the seaman. No better success. The boat or canoe, or whatever it might be, was by this time close aboard of us, within pistol-shot at the farthest—no time to be lost, so I hailed myself, and at this time the challenge did produce an answer.

'Sore boat—fruit and vegetab.'

'Shore boat, with fruit and vegetables, at this time of night—I don't like it,' said I. 'Boatswain's mate, call the boarders. Cutlasses, men—quick, a piratical row-boat is close to.' And verily we had little time to lose, when a large canoe or row-boat, pulling twelve oars at the fewest, and carrying twenty firemen, or thereabouts, swept upon our larboard quarter, hooked on, and the next moment upwards of twenty unlooked-for visitors scrambled up our shallow side, and jumped on board.

All this took place so suddenly that there were not ten of my people ready to receive them, but those ten were the prime men of the ship. 'Surrender, you scoundrels—surrender. You have boarded a man-of-war. Down with your arms, or we shall murder you to a man.'

But they either did not understand me, or did not believe me, for the answer was a blow from a cutlass, which, if I had not parried with my night glass, which it broke in pieces, might have effectually stopped my promotion. 'Cut them down, boarders, down with them—they are pirates,' shouted I; 'heave cold shot into their boat alongside—all hands, boatswain's mate—call all hands.' We closed. The assailants had no firearms, but they were armed with swords and long knives, and as they fought with desperation, several of our people were cruelly haggled; and after the first charge, the combatants on both sides became so

blended, that it was impossible to strike a blow, without running the risk of cutting down a friend. By this time all hands were on deck; the boat alongside had been swamped by the cold shot that had been hove crashing through her bottom, when down came a shower from the surcharged clouds, or waterspout—call it which you will—that absolutely deluged the decks, the scuppers being utterly unable to carry off the water. So long as the pirates fought in a body, I had no fears, as, dark as it was, our men, who held together, knew where to strike and thrust; but when the torrents of rain descended in buckets-full, the former broke away, and were pursued singly into various corners about the deck, all escape being cut off from the swamping of their boat. Still they were not vanquished, and I ran aft to the binnacle, where a blue light was stowed away,—one of several that we had got on deck to burn that night, in order to point out our whereabouts to the Firebrand. I fired it, and rushing forward cutlass-in-hand, we set on the gang of black desperadoes with such fury, that after killing two of them outright, and wounding and taking prisoners seven, we drove the rest overboard into the sea, where the small-armed men, who by this time had tackled to their muskets, made short work of them, guided as they were by the sparkling of the dark water, as they struck out and swam for their lives. The blue light was immediately answered by another from the corvette, which lay about a mile off; but before her boats, two of which were immediately armed and manned, could reach us, we had defeated our antagonists, and the rain had increased to such a degree, that the heavy drops, as they fell with a strong rushing noise into the sea, flashed it up into one entire sheet of fire.

We secured our prisoners, all blacks and mulattoes, the most villainous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen, and presently it came on to thunder and lighten, as if heaven and earth had been falling together. A most vivid flash—it almost blinded me. Presently the Firebrand burnt another blue light, whereby we saw that her maintopmast was gone close by the cap, with the topmast, and upper spars, and yard, and gear, all hanging down in a lumbering mass of confused wreck; she had been struck by the levin brand, which had killed four men, and stunned several more. By this time the cold grey streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and presently the day broke, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, both corvette and schooner were at anchor at Gonnaves. The village, for town it could not be called, stood on a low hot plain, as if the washings of the mountains on the left hand side as we stood in had been carried out into the sea, and formed into a white plateau of sand; all was hot and stunted, and scrubby. We brought up inside of the corvette, in three fathoms of water. My superior officer had made the private signal to come on board and dine, which, in the assured intimacy in which we were now linked, could not on any plea be declined. I dressed, and the boat was lowered down, and we pulled for the corvette, but our course lay under the stern of the two English ships that were lying there loading cargoes of coffee.

'Pray, sir, said a decent looking man, who leant on the taffarel of one of them—'Pray, sir, are you going on board of the Commodore?'

'I am,' I answered.

'I am invited there too, sir; will you have the kindness to say I will be there presently?'

'Certainly—give way, men.'

Presently we were alongside the corvette, and the next moment we stood on her deck, holystoned white and clean, with my staunch friend Captain N— and his officers, all in full fig, walking to and fro under the awning, a most magnificent naval lounge, being thirty two feet wide at the gangway, and extending fifty feet or more aft, until it narrowed to twenty at the taffarel. We were all, the two masters of the merchantmen, decent respectable men in their way, in-

cluded, graciously received, and sat down to an excellent dinner, Mr. Bang taking the lead as usual in all the fun; and we were just on the verge of cigars and cold grog, when the first lieutenant came down and said that the Captain of the port had come off, and was then on board.

'Shew him in,' said Captain N——, and a tall, vulgar-looking blackamoore, dressed apparently in the cast-off coat of a French grenadier officer, entered the cabin with his chapeau in his hand, and a Madras handkerchief tied round his woolly skull. He made his bow, and remained standing near the door.

'You are the Captain of the port?' said Captain N——, in French. The man nodded. 'Why, then take a chair, sir, if you please.'

He begged to be excused, and after tipping off his bumper of claret, and receiving the Captain's report, he made his bow and departed.

SCENES ON SHORE.

I returned to the Wave, and next morning I breakfasted on board of the Commodore, and afterwards we all proceeded on shore to Monsieur B——'s, to whom Massa Aaron was known. The town, if I may call it so, had certainly a very desolate appearance. There was nothing stirring; and although a group of idlers, amounting to about twenty or thirty, did collect about us on the end of the wharf, which, by the by, was terribly out of repair, yet they all appeared ill clad, and in no way so well furnished as the blacks in Jamaica; and when we marched up through a hot, sandy, unpaved street into the town, the low, one-story, shabby looking houses were falling into decay, and the streets more resembling river-courses than thoroughfares, while the large carrion crows were picking garbage on the very crown of the causeway, without apparently entertaining the least fear of us, or of the negro children who were playing close to them, so near in fact, that every now and then one of the urchins would aim a blow at one of the obscene birds, when it would give a loud discordant croak, and jump a pace or two, with outspread wings, but without taking wing. Still many of the women, who were sitting under the small piazzas, or projecting eaves of the houses, with their little stalls, filled with pullicate handkerchiefs, and pieces of muslin, and ginghams for sale, were healthy looking, and appeared comfortable and happy. As we advanced into the town, almost every male we met was a soldier, all rigged and well dressed, too, in the French uniform; in fact, the remarkable man, King Henry, or Christophe, took care to have his troops well fed and clothed in every case. On our way we had to pass by the Commandant, Baron B——'s house, when it occurred to Captain N—— that we ought to stop and pay our respects; but Mr. Bang being bound by no such *etiquette*, bore up for his friend Monsieur B——'s. As we approached the house—a long, low, one-story building, with a narrow piazza, and a range of unglazed windows, staring open, with their wooden shutters, like ports in a ship's side, towards the street—we found a sentry at the door, who, when we announced ourselves, carried arms all in regular style. Presently a very good looking negro, in a handsome aide-de-camp's uniform, appeared, and hat in hand, with all the grace in the world, ushered us into the presence of the Baron, who was lounging in a Spanish chair half asleep, but on hearing us announced he rose, and received us with great amenity. He was a fat elderly negro, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age, and was dressed in very wide jean trousers, over which a pair of well-polished Hessian boots were drawn, which, by adhering close to his legs, gave him, in contrast with the wide puffing of his garments above, the appearance of being underlimbed, which he by no means was, as he was a stout old Turk.

After a profusion of bows and fine speeches, and superabundant assurances of the esteem in which his master King Henry held our master King George, we

made our bows and repaired to Monsieur B——'s, where I was engaged to dine. As for Captain——, he went on board that evening to superintend the repairs of the ship.

There was no one to meet us but Monsieur B—— and his daughter, a tall and very elegant brown girl, who had been educated in France, and did the honours incomparably well. We sat down, Massa Aaron whispering in my *tug*, that in Jamaica it was not quite the thing to introduce brown ladies at dinner; but as he said, 'Why not? Neither you nor I are high caste Creoles—soen avant.' Dinner was nearly over, when Baron B——'s aide-de-camp slid into the room.—Monsieur B—— rose. 'Captain Latour, you are welcome—he sented. I hope you have not dined?'

'Why, no,' said the negro officer, as he drew a chair, while he exchanged glances with the beautiful Eugénie, and set himself down close to *El Señor Bang*.

'Hillo, Quashie! Whereaway, my lad? a little above the salt, an't you?' ejaculated our *Amigo*; while Pegtop, who had just come on shore, and was standing behind his master, stared and gaped in the greatest wonderment. But Mr. Bang's natural good breeding, and knowledge of the world, instantly recalled him to time and circumstances; and when the young officer looked at him, and regarded him with some surprise, he bowed, and invited him, in the best French he could muster, to drink wine. The aide-de-camp was, as I have said, jet black as the ace of spades, but he was, notwithstanding, so far as figure went, a very handsome man—tall and well framed, especially about the shoulders, which were beautifully formed, and, in the estimation of a statuaty, would probably have balanced the cucumber curve of the shin; his face, however, was regular negro—flat nose, heavy lips, fine eyes, and beautiful teeth, and he wore two immense gold ear-rings. His woolly head was bound round with a pullicate handkerchief, which we had not noticed until he took off his laced cocked hat. His coat was the exact pattern of the French staff uniform at the time—plain blue, without lace, except at the cape and cuffs, which were of scarlet cloth, covered with rich embroidery. He wore a very handsome straight sword with steel scabbard, and the white trousers, and long Hessian boots, already described as part of the costume of his general.

Mr. Bang, as I have said, had rallied by this time, and with the tact of a gentleman, appeared to have forgotten whether his new ally was black, blue, or green, while the claret, stimulating him into self possession, was evaporating in broken French. But his man Pegtop had been pushed off his balance altogether; his equanimity was utterly gone. When the young officer brushed past him, at the first go off, while he was rinsing some glasses in the passage, his sword banged against Pegtop's *derriere* as he stooped down over his work. He started and looked round, and merely exclaimed—'Eigh, Massa Niger wurra dat!' But now, when standing behind his master's chair, he saw the aide-de-camp consorting with him whom he looked upon as the greatest man in existence, on terms of equality, all his faculties were paralysed. 'Pegtop,' said I, 'hand me some yam, if you please.' He looked at me all agape, as if he had been half strangled.

THE FEMALE POETS OF BRITAIN.—Mrs. Hemans is still residing in Dublin occupied in the education of her sons; she will shortly publish a volume of sacred poetry. Hannah Moore is still alive but in a state that would render death a blessing; a memoir by a "constant friend" is already prepared. Miss Landon has been staying at Oxford on a visit to her uncle the head of Worcester college: a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Mitford sojourns at Three-Mile-Cross: her tragedies laid by till a more fitting season. Mrs. Howitt a member of the Society of Friends who resides at Nottingham has prepared a series of tragic dramas with the highest moral tone.

Of Mrs. Joanna Baillie the world hears nothing; she resides at Highgate, in comparative solitude but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives at Lymington, in Hampshire. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher) is on the wide sea, with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the Muses for the *Court Magazine* and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwich and is now residing in Cornwall.—*Eng. paper.*

CHIT CHAT.

(Concluded.)

* * * Maj. I really detest a dish of politics, even when served up with puns. Doctor, you remind me of a pun I made, for which may I be pardoned. I was at an evening party, where a very pretty quakeress was present; but Miss Rebecca was not a little startled in her manner. Colonel B. dropped in, and was quite taken with her. 'Behold a rose,' said he, in his usual gallant address, 'and it wants two months to June.' 'Your surprise is misplaced, colonel,' retorted I; 'do you not see that it is a *prim-rose*, and therefore in season.' The colonel was very much delighted with my reply, and slapping me on the shoulder, said, 'Bravo Narcissus,' which was a flowery compliment, and therefore well timed.

O. S. Remarkably well timed, indeed, major.

Enter Mr. Volage, with a Catalogue in his hand.

Volage. Altogether very creditable—very creditable, indeed. Martin has a picture there. I have just been amusing myself with the mouse in the diving bell. He really is a great man.

O'S. Who is this great man, Mr. Volage; is it the mouse you mean?

Vol. No, sir, I meant Martin; the mouse was only in parenthesis.

O'S. Well, I never heard a diving-bell called a parenthesis before.

Ed. Excuse me, O'Sullivan; allow me to request you will permit Mr. Volage to take breath, and this clue will be unravelled in a short time. I perceive at once that he has been to the Suffolk Street Exhibition, and that he has called *en passant* at the one in Adelaide Street.

Vol. That is precisely the case. I certainly expressed myself rather confusedly, but I was too full of my subject.

O'S. And when a man's mouth is full, he never speaks plain.

Ed. You were, however, right when you asserted that Martin was a great man. The very difference of opinion concerning him in this country goes far to prove it; but we must also judge by what other nations think of him. On the continent, Martin is higher in reputation than any of our painters, and among the inquiries of amateurs you will find that Martin's name is first mentioned, and Martin's works most esteemed. Martin's chief merit is grandeur of conception. Looking at one of his pictures, I always think that he has embodied those dreams which one sometimes has of piercing through the blue vault of heaven, and beholding the stupendous fabrications of another universe. Martin is the Milton of painting. They complain of his figures; they are but the mites of the mass. Who, when a mighty army was advancing in all sublime rage of slaughter and devastation, would pause to criticise the features of the individual soldier. But what other pictures have we there?

Vol. I have marked the catalogue; shall I begin with the worst?

Ed. No, no; only tell us the good. Leave the works of inferior merit to the praise of their partial friends. Bad pictures are much more pardonable than bad writing.

Vol. Well, then, Mrs. Carpenter has two good

portraits, 21 and 211. In the former the attitude is easy, and not conscious of the presence of the artist; the drawing correct, and the carnation tints beautifully clear. The other has all the beauties of Mrs. Carpenter's painting, but with one fault—the portrait appearing to say to the limner, 'Now will this attitude do, my dear Mrs. Carpenter?'

O'S. Now I should very much like to be painted by a very pretty woman—always provided that I should be directed to look at her, and not at some nail on the wall, or chinaman on a screen.

Doctor. Yes, you would look your best, I've no doubt.

Twist. You would light up like another Cymon.

O'S. Allow me to observe, Mr. Twist, that I don't permit calling names, and you cannot here plead the privilege of the house. My real name, if you wish to be familiar, is Terence. So now that I've called the M. P. to order, Mr. Volage will oblige us by progressing.

Vol. No. 35, by Linton, is a beautiful performance. The aerial perspective is clear, brilliant, yet remote; the deep tints in the foreground sweetly pure, and the whole has an intense air of classic beauty. We now come to No. 56—the Young Fisherman's Song, by Uwins. There is not a better picture in the room. The grouping is so natural and easy, that the word 'attitude' seems harsh to express the position of each figure. A little rawness of colouring in the centre of the fore-ground, which, however, a little time will temper down to an excellent tone.

O'S. You amateurs have a queer way of expressing yourselves. Who ever heard of an excellent tone with temper? It spoils the tone of the prettiest voice from the mouth of the prettiest woman in the world. Now I'll take a bet that for tone, colour, transparency, and taste, there's not a prettier picture in the whole Exhibition than this bottle of the Editor's sherry. (*Helping himself.*)

Vol. I'll take a glass with you, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Just do, for to my idea you're on rather a dry subject.

Ed. There I disagree with you, O'Sullivan, although your remark on the sherry is in accordance with my own opinion. It is a present.

O'S. From whom—can you introduce me to the gentleman?

Ed. Excuse me. Mr. Volage, do me the favour to proceed.

Vol. Edinburgh Castle, by Wilson, is a picture from which you unwillingly remove your eye; but you must not go too near it, or you will discover that it is not finished. 359, a wood scene by Lee, has all the freshness of nature, but I do not think it has a sufficient balance of light and shade.

O'S. Balance of light and shade! Well, now, that bothers me.

Vol. We now come to the last I shall notice, which is, Mr. Martin's picture of Kilmenny. I have made my notes, Mr. Editor, which are at your service. It is most perfect.

Ed. I thank you. I will go myself, correct and compare. What is Stanfield about now?

Vol. I saw him yesterday in his atelier. He is painting a series for the Marquis of Lansdowne, I believe. Venice is finished, and a splendid picture it is.

Ed. A beautiful and bright prospect lies before Stanfield, so young, and yet so much gained. The laurel has not come to him in the winter of life, mocking his grey hairs. Do you know, O'Sullivan, that Stanfield was once a midshipman in our service?

O'S. The best school in the world, as I told that saucy little beggar—nothing like discipline.

Twist. Pray, Captain O'Sullivan, will you explain what discipline has to do with painting?

O'S. To be sure I will. (*Rather confused.*) D

most certainly, if you wish it. I'll only appeal to the major. Why, where the devil's the major?

Doctor. He slipped away just as Mr. Volage commenced his criticisms. I'm afraid, without the assistance of your major, you'll not come to a happy conclusion.

O'S. O won't I; only just tell me what it was exactly that I said.

Twist. I repeat the honourable member's words,—'That the discipline of a man of war is the best school for painting.'

O'S. Did I say that, Mr. Editor?

Ed. I'm afraid you did, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Well, then, if I did, I did, and there's an end of the matter. You need not look so amazing chuckling, Mr. Twist, as if I was in a scrape. I never make an assertion that I am not ready to prove. I said that discipline made a good painter. Well, now, in the first place, where will you see more order and regularity than on board a man of war. And how can a man paint a good picture without everything being in its place? tell me that, Mr. Twist. Then a'n't there punishment on board of a man of war, when the men get drunk? and hasn't he an opportunity of learning anatomy, while the men are stripped, and receiving their allowance of cat?—tell me that Mr. Twist. Well, then, a'n't the men put in irons before punishment, and thereby don't he learn what it is to be in keeping?—tell me that Mr. Twist. (*Hear, hear, from Editor and others.*) Well, then—don't a boy go on board of a man of war, a silly young cub; and don't discipline make him open his eyes? and how can a man paint with his eyes shut, I should like you to tell me, Mr. Twist. Well then, a'n't he masted half the day, and looks upon the broad expanse of water, bounded by broad expanse of sky; and where can there be a better place to catch aerial tints, and his distance, I should like to know?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. And a'n't he looking out for strange sails with his glass, on deck? and where will you find a better idea of perspective? And lastly, doesn't he keep watch and watch during the twenty-four hours, day and night? and if that won't learn him the exact balance of light and shade, what the devil will? So here, you'll observe, we have composition and keeping, and anatomy for his fingers, and his wits about him, and his aerial tints and distance, and his perspective, and his balance of light and shade, all taught him by discipline, free gratis and for nothing, and what more would you have? Are you answered now, Mr. Twist? (*Hear, and loud cheers from all the company, while Captain O'Sullivan helps himself to sherry and water.*)

Twist. I rise to explain—
Omnes. = Spoke—spoke.
Twist. A more sophistical—
Ed. Mr. Twist, I must call you to order. Captain O'Sullivan, you deserve great credit for your reply.—And now, gentlemen, excuse me, but time is precious—it flies fast in your company, and I unfortunately have no time for pastime. Will you excuse me, if I take the liberty of a friend, in stating that I wish to be alone, as I have to write *Chit Chat*.

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SPELLING.—A letter of Dr. Franklin, written July 4th, 1786, and now first published, contains the following piece of pleasantry:

"You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and words. To give you an instance. A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words:—*Not finding Brown at home, I delivered your message to his yf.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the yf, which they could

not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what yf was. 'Why,' says she, 'yf spells wife, what else can it spell?' and indeed it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling wife, than *Doubleyou, i, e, e*, which in reality spells *Double-yifey*.

THE ROSE-BUD.

How sweet was the rose-bud that blushed on the tree,
In Julia's beautiful bower;
Allured by its presence came bee after bee,
And sipp'd without wounding the flower.

A keen little worm chanced its beauties to view,
And creeping with wonderful art,
It nibbled and nibbled and cut its way through,
Nor ceased till it lodg'd in the heart.

The fair, little dreaming how short was its date,
Too late the rude spoiler descried,
Beheld the sweet blossom submit to its fate,
It faded, it droop'd, and it died.

Yourself but a flower, pretty maiden, beware,
Distinguish the spider, and fly;
For Man is a worm that oft preys on the fair,
And you, like your rose-bud, may die.

EXHILARATION OF DRINKING.—The true philosophy of tippling was well illustrated by Mr. Shack, the representative of the Labouring Young Men's Temperance Society, Boston, at the celebration on the evening of the 26th ultimo.—*Hartf. Ep. Watchman*.

"Some labouring men," said he, "M. Chairman, object to giving up the use of ardent spirits, because they say it helps them to work better than they could without it. But sir, in my opinion, it is with their working better just as it is with a poor man's feeling rich when he is partly intoxicated. In the same way a man on horseback who has taken a glass of grog thinks that his horse goes faster, though the poor animal himself has had neither oats nor water.

Mr. Chairman, to illustrate my views, I will relate an incident which took place a few years ago. I attended an auction, an administrator's sale, which lasted several days. About 11 o'clock the first day, the sale was stopped, and some refreshments, of which brandy was a part, passed round, and then the sale went on with renewed spirit. The next day, about the same hour, the sale was again suspended, and one of the auctioneers inquired if it was best to have some more refreshments? 'By all means,' said the other, 'for I sold that brandy yesterday, for more than ten dollars a gallon!' And Mr. Chairman, if I could judge correct, he sold it the second day, for more than \$12 a gallon. But I do not believe that when the brandy drinkers looked at their purchases the next morning they found them any the better for brandy."

THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.—A gallant Captain and M.P.—"the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—who has been figuring much of late at police offices, has been called at the clubs "The Mirror of Parliament."—*Eng. pap.*

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